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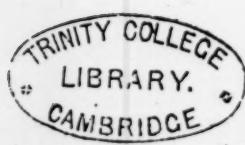
THE  
**MUSES**  
Holocaust:  
OR,  
A NEW  
BURNT-OFFERING  
TO  
The two great Idols  
OF  
PRESBYTERY  
AND  
ANABAPTISM.

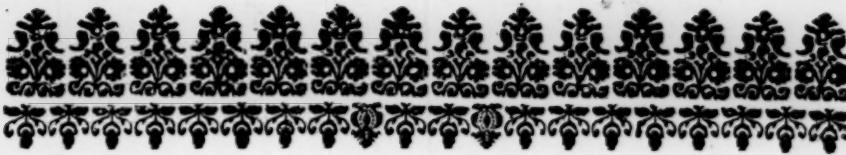
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By  
*S A M U E L H O L L A N D.*

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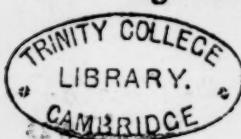
## The Muses Holocaust.

**B**E the Tongue blister'd that shall dare prefer  
The Cause and Courage of *John Presbyter* ;  
And the Quill lighter then a feather thought,  
That such Phanatick madnes shall be taught,  
As praise that Cap of Zeal, which lined comes,  
Without with Cruel, and within with Thrum's.  
See where the Rabble, with their lugging ears,  
And arm'd with black Sedition, appears  
In Knots of wilde Rebellion, like a Bed  
Of hissing Serpents with Contagion fed :  
And that their Followers may the more adore them,  
Their godly Leaders walk in Cloaks before them.  
For since Sedition did this Age provoke,  
*Jack Presbyter* hath ever chose the Cloak ;  
And makes that Garment at all times to be  
A signal Cloak of his Hypocrisie.  
They have a Cloak for every thing they do ;  
A Cloak i'th' Street, a Cloak i'th' Pulpit too.  
A Cloak is all their Wear ; and if they can,  
They'll have a Cloak to cozen God and Man.  
The Cloak doth act more mischief in the Town,  
Then all the long Addresses of the Gown.  
'Twas in his Cloak that *J E N K I N S* up did cry  
'Gainst our late King another Crucifie :  
'Twas in his Cloak he seem'd Another man,  
And finely learnt to turn the Cat i' th' Pan :  
'Twas in his Cloak returning to his Fever,  
That now he seems as fiery hot as ever.  
'Twas in his Cloak that *B A X T E R* loud did bawl,  
*Beloved listen, and hear BAXTER'S Call* ;  
The Bishops of their Mitres dispossess,  
Will breed the Saints an Everlasting Rest. Nallen dicit: uiror enim nō hoc sit  
ludens cū Sacris. 'Twas

## The Muses Holocaust.

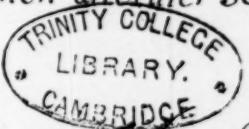
'Twas in his Cloak that *C A L A M Y* did spit  
Against Saint *Pauls* his Excremental Wit ;  
And waspish *W A T S O N* did so loudly roar,  
And call'd his Mother, *Englands Church*, a *Whore*.  
'Twas in his Cloak that *C A R T E R* pray'd, to gain  
The sacred Scepter from his Sovereign ;  
And mov'd his Hearers all, like true *Pres-byters*,  
To fight against the Bishops and their Mitres.  
'Twas in his Cloak that *N Y E* late down did crie  
The *Cross*, the *Surpliss*, and the *Liturgie* ;  
And hop'd ere long his Friends would have the Power  
To be again possessed of the Tower :  
That so the swarming Sectaries might rule  
From neerest *Thames* unto the farthest *Thnle*.  
And if they cannot do it, may those *Elves*  
Help in *New-England*, and then hang themselves.  
This is the Sense of all, This is the Ayer  
Of every true-born Presbyterian Prayer.  
With these is high the Anabaptist flown,  
Who will have no Religion but his own :  
They will conspire with all the Pow'rs of Hell,  
To bid both *O R D E R*, Truth and Peace farewell.  
From such and All as are so refractory,  
And care for none, but their own Directory,  
Good Lord protect us ! let Flames joyn with Flames,  
T' abate their Numbers, and devour their Names :  
Not their Church-buckets fill'd with Sisters tears,  
Nor dropping Clouds of Jealousies and Fears,  
(Could it rain Water fast as Bloud before)  
Shall longer save this Presbyterian Whore.  
*Smeectymnus* be henceforth the Hang-mans name,  
And from his last dissecting hand take Fame.  
May All together in one Fire be brent,  
With *Buchanans* and *Koxes* Testament ;  
And all rot with them, that would tumble down  
The rising Mitre, and the stablish'd Crown.

*A M E N.*



*F I N I S.*

Bella inter geminos plusquam civilia fratres  
Traxerat ambiguus Religionis apex:  
Ille reformatæ fidei pro partibus instat  
Iste reformandam denegat esse fidem  
Propositis causæ rationibus alter utring⁹  
Concurrere pares, & cecidere pares;  
Quod fuit in votis fratr⁹ capit alter uterq;  
Quod fuit in fatis perdit uterq; fidem.  
Captivi gemini nullo ducente trahuntur  
Et victus victi transfuga castra petit:  
Quod genus hoc pugnæ est ubi victus gaudet uterq;  
Et tamen alteruter se superasse dolet.



D<sup>r</sup> Alabaster.

In points of Fayts some undeterminid iarres  
Betwixt two Brothers kindled civil warres  
One for the Churcheis Reformation stood  
The other thought noe Reformacon good  
The points proposid they traversed y<sup>e</sup> field  
With equall skill, & both together yeeld:  
As they desirid his brother each subdues  
Yett such theire fate y<sup>e</sup> each his fayth did loose.  
Both captives none y<sup>e</sup> prisoners thence to guide  
The victor flying to the vanquisht side,  
Both ioynd in being conquered (strange to say)  
And yett both mournd because both wonne y<sup>e</sup> day